

# THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

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THE BELMONT CHRONICLE,  
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BY H. J. HOWARD & B. R. COWEN.  
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If paid within three months, \$1.50  
If paid after that time, \$2.00  
Papers discontinued only at the option of the editor,  
who arranges are due.

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Every additional insertion, .25  
Yearly advertisements one column, \$4.00  
Half column, \$2.00  
Quarter column, \$1.00  
Professional cards \$3 per annum.  
If all letters addressed to the editor must be paid to  
insure attention.

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1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.  
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.  
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bill, and ordered their discontinuance.  
4. If subscribers direct to other places without informing the publishers, and the periodicals are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.  
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

## POETRY.

### LITTLE TOPSY'S SONG.

"Topsy never was born,  
Nebber had a mother;  
Spects I growed a nigger brat,  
Just like any other.  
Whip me till the blood pours down—  
Ole missus used to do it;  
She said she'd cut my heart right out,  
But nebber could get it.  
Got no heart, I don't believe—  
Niggers do without em.  
Nebber heard of Gon or Love,  
So can't tell much about 'em."  
This is Topsy's song or hymn,  
Topsy cute and clever;  
Hurrah, then, for the white man's right—  
Slavery forever!

"I spects I've very wicked,  
That's just what I am;  
Ony you jist give me chance,  
Won't I rouse Ole Sam?  
T aint no use in being good,  
Cos I've black, you see;  
Inebber cared for nothin' yet,  
And nothin' cares for me.  
Hah! hah! Miss Foe's hand,  
Dun know how to grip me;  
Nebber likes to do no work,  
And wont, widout they whip me."  
This is Topsy's savage song,  
Topsy cute and clever;  
Hurrah, then, for the white man's right—  
Slavery forever!

"Don't you die, Miss Evey,  
Else I go dead too;  
I knows I'm wicked, but I'll try  
And be all good to you.  
You hab taught me better things,  
Though I'm nigger skin;  
You hab found poor Topsy's heart,  
Spite of all its sin.  
Don't you die, Miss Evey dear,  
Else I go dead too;  
Though I'm black, I'm sure that Gon  
Will let me go wid you."  
This is Topsy's human song,  
Under Love's endowment;  
Hurrah, then, for the white child's work—  
Humanity forever!

### Gems from Alexander Smith's Poetry.

BOOKS.  
Books written when the soul is at spring-tide,  
When it is laden like a glowing sky,  
Before a thunder-storm is power and gladness,  
And majesty and beauty. They seize the reader  
As tempests seize a ship, and bear him on  
With a wild joy. Some books are drenched and  
On which a great soul's worth lies in heaps,  
Like a wrecked ark. What power in books!  
They mingle glory and splendor, as I've oft  
In dundrum and thunder and fiercest joys—  
Sounded with dull fire and fiercest joys—  
They awe me to my knees, as I stood  
In presence of a king. They give me tears,  
Such glorious tears as Eve's fair daughter shed,  
When first they clasped a Son of God, all bright  
With burning plumes and splendors of the sky,  
In zoning heaven of their milky arms.

FAME AND THE POET.  
At Fame, their idol. Call't a worthless thing,  
Colder than lunar rainbows, change-fleeting  
Than bubbles purple on a pigeon's neck,  
More transitory than a rainbow's bow,  
The bubbles of her heart—and yet, a meek  
Would gladly sell his soul for one sweet crumb  
To roll beneath his tongue.

THE POET'S MISSION.  
A poet must rise on an age,  
As a saint's head is with a halo crown'd;  
One, who shall hallow Poetry to God,  
And to his own. The poet's mission is  
The grandest of all, where king-words ride—  
One, who shall fervent grasp the sword of song,  
As a stern swordman grasps his keenest blade,  
To find the quickest passage to the heart,  
A mighty poet whom this age shall choose  
To be its spokesman to all coming times.  
In the ripe full blown season of his soul,  
He shall go forward in his spirit's strength,  
And grapple with the questions of all time,  
And bring from them their meanings. As King Saul  
Called up the buried prophet from his grave  
To speak his doom, so shall this Poet-king  
Call up the dead Past from its awful grave  
To tell him of our future. As the air  
Doth sphere the world, so shall his heart of love—  
Loving mankind, not peoples. As the lake  
Reflects the flower, tree, rock, and bending heaven,  
Shall he reflect our great humanity.  
And as the young Spring breathes with living breath  
On a dead branch till it sprouts fragrant  
Green leaves and sunny flowers, shall he breathe life  
Through every theme he touches, making all Beauty  
And Poetry for ever like the stars.

We must reverse  
The plans of ages. Let the body sweat,  
So that the soul be calm, why should it work?  
Fay, had I spent the pith of my English life,  
And made me master of our English lore,  
What gain had I on resurrection morn,  
But such as hath the body of a clown,  
That it could turn a summer's sun on earth  
A single soul is richer than all worlds,  
Its acts are only shadows of itself,  
And off its wondrous wealth is all unknown.  
The like a mountain-range, whose rugged sides  
Feed starving flocks of sheep; pierce the barbed wire,  
And they ooze piteous gold. We must go down  
And work our souls like miners, make books our lamps,  
Not strive to worship it, nor heed the world—  
Let's go on our knees. You shall for Fame;  
Would serve as long as Jacob for his love,  
So you might win her. Spirit calm and still  
As high above your order, at the stars  
Sit large and tranquil over the restless clouds  
That weep and lighten, melt the earth with hail,  
And fret themselves away in the great sea,  
Rest in the knowledge of their own decrea,  
Nor seek the confirmation of the world.  
Wouldst thou be calm and still?

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Clay and Randolph Duel.

Everybody has heard of Col. Benton's forthcoming work, entitled "Thirty Years in the United States Senate." The first volume is about ready for delivery. The Washington papers contain a long extract, giving the famous duel between Mr. CLAY and Mr. RANDOLPH. We copy a part of it as an interesting detail of an eye-witness to this event, which has made so much noise in the world:

I had crossed the Little Falls Bridge just after them, and come to the place where the servants and carriages had stopped. I saw none of the gentlemen, and supposed they had all gone to the spot where the ground was being marked off; but on speaking to Johnny, Mr. Randolph, who was till in his carriage and heard my voice, looked out from the window, and said to me: "Colonel, since I saw you, and since I have been in this carriage, I have heard something which MAY make me change my determination. Col. Hamilton will give you a note which will explain it." Col. Hamilton was then in the carriage, and gave me the note, in the course of the evening, of which Mr. Randolph spoke. I readily comprehended that this possible change of determination related to the firing; but the emphasis with which he pronounced the word "MAY," clearly showed that his mind was undecided, and left it doubtful whether he would fire or not.

No further conversation took place between us; the preparations for the duel were finished; the parties went to their places; and I went forward to a piece of rising ground, from which I could see what passed and hear what was said. The faithful Johnny followed me close, speaking not a word, but evincing the deepest anxiety for his beloved master. The place was a thick forest, and the immediate spot a little depression, or basin, in which the parties stood. The principals saluted one another courteously as they took their stands. Col. Tattall had won the choice of position, which gave to Gen. Jessup the delivery of the word. They stood on a line east and west—a small stump behind Mr. Clay; a low gravel band rose just behind Mr. Randolph. The latter asked Gen. Jessup to recite the world as he would give it; and while in the act of doing so, and Mr. Randolph was adjusting the butt of his pistol to his hand, the muzzle pointing downward, and almost to the ground, it fired. Instantly Mr. Randolph turned to Col. Tattall and said: "I protested against that hair trigger." Col. Tattall took blame to himself for having sprung the pistol. Mr. Clay had not then received his pistol. Mr. Johnson (Josiah), one of the seconds, was carrying it to him, and still several steps from him. This untimely fire, though clearly an accident, necessarily gave rise to some remarks, and a species of inquiry, which was conducted with the utmost delicacy, but which, in itself, was of a nature to be inexpressibly painful to a gentleman's feelings. Mr. Clay stopped it with the generous remark that the fire was clearly an accident, and it was so unanimously declared.

Another pistol was immediately furnished. An exchange of shots took place, and, happily, without effect upon the persons. Mr. Randolph's bullet struck the stump behind Mr. Clay, and Mr. Clay's knocked up the earth and gravel behind Mr. Randolph, and in a line with the level of his hips, bullets having gone so true and close that it was a marvel how they missed. The moment had come for me to interpose. I went in among the parties and offered my mediation, but nothing could be done. Mr. Clay said, with that wave of the hand with which he was accustomed to put away a trifle, "This is child's play!" and required another fire. Mr. Randolph also demanded another fire. The seconds were directed to re-load. While this was doing, I prevailed on Mr. Randolph to walk away from his post, and renewed him more pressing than ever, my importunities to yield to some accommodation; but I found him more determined than I had ever seen him, and for the first time impatient and seemingly annoyed and dissatisfied at what I was doing. He was indeed annoyed and dissatisfied. The accidental fire of his pistol preyed upon his feelings. He was doubly chagrined at it, both as a circumstance susceptible in itself of an unfair interpretation, and as having been the immediate and controlling cause of his firing at Mr. Clay. He regretted this fire the instant it was over. He felt that it subjected him to imputations from which he knew himself to be free—a desire to kill Mr. Clay, and a contempt for the laws of his beloved State and the annoyances which he felt at these vexatious circumstances revived his original determination, and decided him irrevocably to carry it out.

It was in this interval that he told me what he had heard since we parted, and to which he alluded when he spoke to me from the window of the carriage. It was to this effect: "That he had been informed by Col. Tattall that it was proposed to give out the words that more deliberativeness, so as to prolong the time for taking aim. This information grated harshly upon his feelings. It unsettled his purpose, and brought his mind to the inquiry (as he now told me, and I found it expressed in the note which he had immediately written in pencil to apprise me of his possible change) whether, under these circumstances, he might not "disable" his adversary! This note is so characteristic and such an essential part of this affair, that I here give its very words, so far as relates to this point. It ran thus:

"Information received from Col. Tattall since I got into the carriage, may induce me to change my mind, of not returning Mr. Clay's fire. I seek not his death. I would not have his blood upon my hands—it will not be upon my blood if I shed in self-defense—for the world. He has determined, by the use of a long, preparatory caution of words, to get time to kill me. May I not, then, disable him? Yes, if I please."

It has been seen by the statement of Gen. Jessup, already given, that this "information"

was a misapprehension; that Mr. Clay had not applied for a prolongation of time for the purpose of getting sure aim, but only to enable his unused hand, long unfamiliar with the pistol, to fire within the limited time; that there was no prolongation, in fact, either granted or insisted upon; but he was in doubt, and Gen. Jessup having won the word, he was having him repeat it in the way he was to give it out when his finger touched the hair-trigger. How unfortunate that I did not know of this in time to speak to Gen. Jessup, when one word from him would have set all right, and save the immediate risks incurred! This inquiry, "May I not disable him?" was still on Mr. Randolph's mind, and dependent for its solution on the rising incidents of the moment, when the accidental fire of his pistol gave the turn to his feelings which solved the doubt. But he declared to me that he did not aim at the life of Mr. Clay; that he did not level as high as the knees—not higher than the knee-band; "for it was no mercy to shoot a man in the knee;" that his only object was to disable him and spoil his aim. And then added, with a beauty of expression and a depth of feeling which no studied oratory can ever attain, and which I shall never forget, these impressive words:

"I would not have seen him fall mortally, or even dangerously wounded, for all the land that is watered by the King of Floods and all his tributary streams."

He left me to resume his post, utterly refusing to explain out of the Senate any thing he had said in it, and with the positive declaration that he would not return the next fire. I withdrew a little way into the woods and kept my eyes fixed upon Mr. Randolph, who I then knew to be the only one in danger. I saw him receive the fire of Mr. Clay, saw the gravel knocked up in the same place, saw Mr. Randolph raise his pistol and discharge it in the air; heard him say, "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay," and immediately advancing and offering him his hand. He was met in the same spirit. They met half way, shook hands, Mr. Randolph saying, jocosely, "You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay." (the bullet had passed through the skirt of the coat, very near the hip)—to which Mr. Clay promptly and happily replied, "I am glad the debt is no greater." I had come up, and was prompt to proclaim what I had been obliged to keep secret for eight days. The joy of all was met in the same spirit. 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